NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

### A VOICE FROM THE FARM.

"You say that my life is a round of toil.
The stalwart farmer said.
"That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil
My pittance of daily bread?
Well, what you tell me in part is true.
I am seldom an idle man.
But I value the blessings of rest as you,
Who have much of it, never can.

"And, surely, I never have worked in vain,
From the spring to the golden fall;
The harvest has ever brought waving grain,
Enough and to spare for all.
And when in the evening, freed from care,
I see at my farm-house door
My wife and little ones waiting there,
Oh, what has the millionaire more.

"My children may never have hoarded wealth;
Their lives may at times be rough;
But in their homes they have love and health,
They will find these riches enough,
The only land they will ever own
Is the land that the strong right arm
And the patient, fearless heart alone
Can till to a fertile farm.

"I have nothing beyond my simple wants
And little for cloudy days;
But no grim spectre my homestead haunts,
Such as silver and gold might raise.
Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth
Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
Has a lot more blessed than mine.

"Oh, yes, I'm laboring all day long,
With the mind and the muscle, too;
But I thank the Lord, who has made me strong,
And given me work to do.
For what, indeed, is the idle drone
But a vampire on the land,
Reaping fruit that by others was sown,
And not by his own right hand!"

### STRANGE FREAK OF THE FLOOD.

**A Farmer Loses Forty Acres of Land and a Neighbor is Ten Acres Ahead.**

One of the strangest freaks of the flood is reported from the Whitewater River, a few miles above Lawrenceburg, where Farmer Hunt lost forty acres of land and his neighbor, Fred Newhouse, had a barren and rocky mill-site converted into ten acres of as rich land as the fertile valley affords. The land along the Whitewater is as rich as any in the West and has only to be tickled with a hoe to make it laugh with a harvest. An acre of ground here is an independence for a gardener and ten acres are little less than a bonanza. During the flood the Whitewater bottoms were overflowed for miles along the stream, and the extraordinary height of the water created currents that had never been known before. Since the subsidence of the flood it has been found that forty acres of Farmer Hunt's richest soil had been carried away, leaviug that portion of his farm practically worthless until restored by a system of tillage and and fertilizing. Fred Newhouse, who recently removed to the Whitewater bottoms from Aurora, owned a mill site just below Hunt's farm, Newhouse's property consisted of ten acres of rocky and barren land, unfit for farming purposes. A portion of this was a large mill pond.

This mill pond is now filled to the level of the breast of the dam with the richest soil in the valley, and Mr. Newhouse's remaining acres of unproductive rocks are nowhere to be seen, but are covered to the depth of several feet with the same rich deposit. Instead of being a loser by the flood he is ahead the value of ten acres of Whitewater Valley land, which, when there is any of it in the market, commands from $200 to $500 an acre. Mr. Newhouse is a fine practical miller, and the whole neighborhood just now is put to great inconvenience by the temporary shutting down of his mill. "If it were not for the annoyance and delay of changing my mill from water power to steam power—for I am left without a dam," said Mr. Newhouse, "I would laugh at my loss."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### The Use of An Enemy.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy:

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against him.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold. It permits you to know that you have faults and are, therefore, not a monster; and it makes them of such size as to be visable and manageable.

3. In addition your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes lights, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you do not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend or enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work.—*Christian Advocate.*

### A Peerless Perfume.

The refreshing aroma of Floreston Cologne, and its lasting fragrance, make it a peerless perfume for the toilet.

### Let the Boys Make Themselves.

There are just as many future millionaires blacking boots and selling papers to-day as there ever was. Every generation of successful men is possessed with the idea that either it had exceptional abilities or exceptional chances, the like of which the world will never know again. But the world goes on; wealthy men die and more men of equal or greater wealth succeed them.

There never yet was a period in the world's history when pluck, energy, and industry, coupled with shrewd business sense, could not climb the rugged steep which leads to fortune. Boys and men must work always and wait often if they would win "in the fierce race for wealth." But working or waiting, they will win if they have the courage to seize their opportunities when these offer and ability to profit by them when they are seized. What we insist on in this question of "What shall we do with our boys?" is that they shall be given a simple English education and then let them do for themselves. Give them the oyster knife and then let them seek the oyster of fortune and open it. If they can't do this the chances are ten to one that they would not have sufficient "git up and git" to take advantage of fortune even if brought to them on the half shell.

Just now there is altogether too much solicitude on the part of parents as what they will do with their boys, which leaves the impression on the minds of the young gentlemen of the period that something has got to be done for them, instead of encouraging the more manly thought that they must do something for themselves. There is no reason to suppose that the channels to competence and wealth are fewer and more difficult than they were years ago. Jay Gould was a cowboy, James R. Keene came from England with $20 in his pocket, Rufus Hatch began by dealing in "garden sass," D. Appleton kept a grocery store, James Watson Webb was a country clerk, Henry Villard was a reporter, and not much of one at that; Leonard Jerome was an itinerant printer, H. B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, Charles O'Connor was born in a shanty of the poorest of Irish parents, and Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice. This list might be extended indefinitely after leaving the ranks of the very rich. But it is sufficient to show that it matters little where a man starts to climb if he only has the right kind of stuff in him.—*Chicago Heaald.*

### The Romance of Mr. Stephens' Life.

In one of the early years of the '40s Mr. Stephens, then a young man, paid a visit to the home of Mr. Darden, in Warren County. There he met a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl of 16, beautiful in face and lovely in character; piquant, witty, and gifted with a mind rarely cultivated. An attachment grew up, which for years did not pass the formal bounds of freindship, but which was sacredly cherished by both. The boy lover was poor in this world's goods; fragile in frame and harassed by sickness, he did not dare to aspire to the hand of one whom he had learned to love and yet forebore to claim. With womanly devotion the young girl read the secret in the young man's eyes, and true to her heart she could only—wait and love. One evening in 1849 a party was given at the residence of Mr. Little, in Crawfordville. There the two met once more; there they enjoyed that sweet communion born of perfect trust; and there Mr. Stephens found courage to speak the words which for years had fought for expression, until at last he could no longer contain them.

"Are you sure that there lives none other whom you prefer to me?" asked the maiden timidly, half shrinkingly, yet only too happy to feel that she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists not another," said he passionately.

Thus their troth was plighted; the day was set for their marriage, and all seemed auspicious for the lovers. But clouds lowered o'er their hopes; matters of a private nature which it is not within the domain of the public to know intervened and deferred fruition of their hopes. The one became immersed in politics, and, racked with physical ills, hesitated to enter a state where he feared the happiness of the other might be marred. The lady found her duty by the side of an invalid mother, who long lingered with a confining disease. Thus the years flew by; but the plighted troth was kept. Mr. Stephens never addressed another, and ever kept the image of the fair young girl in his heart. The lady was the recipient of admiration from many, but to all she turned a deaf ear.

They have often met since, and while the idea of marriage was abandoned, they felt a sweet pleasure in each other's society. But two weeks ago the lady was at the mansion, and on taking leave of her old friend, one of the chairs tripped up, an unfavorable sign, as the Governor remarked at the time. The lady has for years been a citizen of Atlanta, and no one is held in more esteem for every quality which adorns womanhood than Miss Caroline Wilkinson.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### John Howard Payne, the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

From the Inter Ocean.

The body of John Howard Payne is on its way to this country from the cemetery of Tunis. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who made the poet's acquaintance in 1840 and saw him first in 1809, will bear the total expenses of the removal and reinterment. The body of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," will be placed in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown Heights, near Washington, on June 9 next. A simple monument will be erected over the remains, bearing the inscription: "John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Born June 9, 1792. Died April 10, 1852."

John Howard Payne was not born in Boston, as is stated on the monument at Tunis, but in New York City. His father removed to the capital of Massachusetts when his son was very young, and opened a boarding-school in that city. The future poet was a clever, ambitious boy. While still at school he published a weekly newspaper, the Fly, which is said to have given promise of great literary ability. He was a good elocutionist, and loved things theatrical. One of his sports was as commander of a military company known as the Boston Federal Guards. When 13 years of age he was placed in a counting-house in New York, a situation most distasteful to him the tediousness of which he relieved by acting as the editor of the Thespian Mirror. The excellence of the dramatic criticism contained in this journal made him some influential acquaintances, among them a Mr. Seamen, who sent him to Schenectady College to be educated. While there he edited Pastime, a weekly magazine, the first number of which appeared in 1807. In 1808 he returned to Boston to prepare for the stage and continued literary labor there as editor of the Mirror. His first appearance on the stage was made at New York in February, 1809, and was a success. It was followed by engagements in New England, the South, and West. In 1813 he went to England and on June 4 of that year appeared in the Drury Lane Theatre, London. He continued actor several years, after which he devoted himself to literature. His editorship in London, of a theatrical journal called the Opera Glass, did not last long. By the year 1825 he had composed several dramas of merit, including "Brutus," his masterpiece, and "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which contained "Home, Sweet Home." This drama was included in manuscripts sold in the year 1825 to Charles Kemble, for £30. Miss Tree, a sister of Helen Tree, sung the song upon its first production. It was popular immediately. A hundred thousand copies were sold in one year, but not one cent was paid to the author by the fortunate publishers. It has been distributed by millions of copies since then, and the greatest singers have delighted myriads of hearers with its simple and touching music and sentiment. Mr. Payne's literary work while in Europe was carried on sometimes in London and sometimes in Paris. It was precarious as to its financial results, and the gifted author is said to have endured cruel hardships by reason of poverty. Some relief to his unfortunate condition was found in his acquaintance while at Paris with Washington Irving. He returned in 1831, and made his home in New York with a younger brother. His literary schemes proved unprofitable. For some time Payne acted as the agent of the Cherokee Chief, John Ross, both in the country of his tribe and in Washington. This chivalrous kindness to the Indians led to his arrest by a party of the state militia of Georgia, and temporary imprisonment. President Tyler appointed him consul at Tunis in 1841. He was recalled during the administration of Polk. President Fillmore reappointed him, and he held the position of consul to Tunis at the time of his death.